

# THE BEACON

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL  
AND THE HOME

VOLUME III.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1912

NUMBER 1



THE MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS IN GENOA, THE CITY OF HIS BIRTH.

## An Autumn Day.

The maple forest burns  
Along the mountain-side—so red it turns  
The very air to crimson. Sweet and low  
The brooks go singing, loitering as they flow,  
And all the hollow stumps are rustic urns  
Heaped to their scalloped brims with yellow  
leaves.

In every pasture lifts the golden rod  
Its bending plumes: the fields are reft of  
sheaves  
Where late the merry gleaners, singing,  
trod.  
One broken frond of mist the soft air cleaves—  
The year's last incense pushing up to God.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

## Discovery Day.

He gained a world: he gave that world  
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

## The Useless Prince.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

*In Four Parts.*

*Part I.*

Ralfe had lived all his years in a pleasant kingdom. There was no work to do, there were interesting games to play, the days were warm and sunny, the meals were ready on time, no one was cross or disagreeable, and one could have almost anything he wished for. Prince Ralfe did not know there was any other sort of a kingdom than this. He filled his days full of merry play, told the nurses or governess his wishes, to find them carried out the next day, and planned nothing ahead.

So he was somewhat astonished, when he came in one evening with a cousin prince, who was visiting him, to find his fairy godmother standing by the nursery door, with her face very serious.

"Godmother!" he cried, "why do you not laugh and play with me as you used to do?"

"I have come for a very serious talk," said the godmother.

"Have you brought me a gift?" asked Ralfe.

"Have you brought me a gift?" said the godmother.

Now Ralfe had never brought a gift to anyone, and thought only of what they might bring him. The question made him uncomfortable, and he had never been uncomfortable before. He stood silent and frowning.

"Ralfe," said the godmother, "stand over by the door, and see how much you have grown past the mark I made the last time I was here."

He stood there, and they found he was three inches taller.

"You are getting to be a great boy," she said. "Do you know it is time for you to go out in the world, and learn to be a man?"

"Oh, but I like it here," said Ralfe.

"This is only a little-boy kingdom," said the godmother; "and, if you want to learn to be like the brave knights in the picture, you must go through the little gate at the end of the garden, and seek the kingdom of men."

Ralfe looked up at the pictures of knights that hung all about the wall of the nursery. One knight was slaying a dragon, another was rescuing a princess from a tower, a third was helping up a poor pilgrim that had been wounded by robbers, another was tenderly guiding some lost children. And, though



they seemed to be different knights by the clothing and arms, yet in each picture the face was the same,—noble, kind, and brave. Ralfe had grown to love the pictured knight, and meant to be like him when he grew up.

"I think I will go," said Ralfe after awhile.

"That's my brave boy," said the godmother. "I shall come early in the morning, and take you to the gate at the end of the garden. Then you shall peep through, and see whether you mean to go on. I am sure of my boy, though. I knew you would not want to stay in a little-boy kingdom. And you, Prince Conrad," she went on, turning to the little cousin prince, "you will go with Ralfe, and seek the kingdom of manhood with him?"

"Oh, no," cried Conrad. "I do not want to go. I have had dreams of evil things outside of this pleasant land. I shall stay here."

"Men overcome evil things," said the godmother.

"But I am afraid, and I like this pleasant place."

"You will never grow up if you stay here. This is little-boy land, and, though you grow never so old, you will still be a little boy if you stay here."

"I like being a little boy, and I do not like dangers and hardships. I will not go," said Conrad.

But Ralfe was still looking at the face of the knight. "I will be ready in the morning," he said.

He did not know that the godmother had hung the pictures of the knight on his wall when he first came to the kingdom.

Ralfe's dreams were disturbed that night. He was passing through strange places, and dark beasts crossed his path; but he always conquered them, and in the end came out into a beautiful land.

In the early morning light he awoke, and found the godmother beside his bed. She helped him dress, and gave him his breakfast. Then she took his hand, and they went out into the garden. Other children were at play already,—little children who would grow no older nor bigger as long as they remained in that magic land. Ralfe scarcely glanced at them, so eager was he to get to the place where one learned to be a knight. The garden of the children's kingdom was shut in by a wall that seemed to reach to the sky. New children came flying over the wall, they could not remember from where, after they had landed lightly on the soft grass. But at the end of the garden was a gate. Ralfe had never seen it opened, and of late he had ceased to think about it. The godmother drew him near, put a key in the rusty lock, and swung the gate open. It looked like a much larger place than the children's kingdom. At the farther side he could see tall trees waving, birds were singing madly, and some people in bright robes were walking about. But between him and that lovely place lay a very jungle of ugly weeds, twisting in every direction.

"Why, I cannot get across for these things," he said to the godmother.

"You will have to pull up the weeds yourself," she replied.

Ralfe looked at them. They were as tall as he was. "I think I will wait till to-morrow," he said.

"They will be larger, and more firmly rooted to-morrow," said the godmother. "That is the trouble. You should have started sometime ago when the weeds were small and easy to pull. But I was busy with

another godchild, and did not get to you in time. But I would advise you to wait no longer."

"Is there no other way to get across? Can't you use your magic?"

"There is no magic way in the world except by pulling up these weeds. You see they block your very first steps."

"Then I'll pull them up," said Ralfe.

He thought the godmother might offer to help him, but, when he looked around, she was gone. He was alone in the strange land, and the weeds lay between him and the pleasant place. He pulled up a few. It took quite a tremendous pull, but he rather liked it. He was a very little way into the patch now. Just then a burst of music and laughter came from the forest. "I'm not going to pull them, I'm going through them," he said impatiently, and started to walk through the thicket.

But it could not be done. The weeds stretched across, and seemed to have joined hands. They caught in his clothes, and tripped him up. The godmother was right. There was no way but to pull them up. Rather sulkily he went to work again. He braced his feet, and dragged them up one after another. He grew tired, his hands were sore, and his back ached. But now there were only a few more between him and the clear smooth path. They were the biggest and ugliest of all, to be sure. He pulled up the next to the last. It took such a tug that Ralfe fell over with it when it came up. The last one stuck fast, and it seemed as if his tugging were in vain. He pulled again, getting red in the face. "I believe its roots go clear through the earth," he muttered. Taking a long breath he began to pull again. If only he had come last week when this plant was not so large! It began to give a little, and then a mighty tug brought it out. "Lie there, you ugly thing," he said.

Then for the first time he noticed a small tag fastened to the root. He turned it over and read *Ill Temper*. What a queer name that was for a weed, but there was no doubt that was its name. He looked at the weed lying nearest. That, too, had a tag. It said *Selfishness* on that one. Ralfe's face was growing redder than it had been from the exertion of weed-pulling.

"They are ugly old weeds," he said, "I'm glad they're up."

Without another backward glance he ran along the smooth path toward the forest. At a clear wayside spring he stopped to drink, and bathe his dusty hands and face. The water was the most delicious he had ever tasted. In the cool shade of the forest he came upon a small tent with a table set inside it. As he had always been accustomed to having things done for him, he sat down and ate. Then he ran on toward the music. He found a group of boys and girls playing, and they welcomed him with shouts. They were much like the children he had played with yesterday, perhaps a little older and larger, and certainly more thoughtful. He had a happy afternoon with them. He did not know why he enjoyed it so much, though the godmother could have told him that play after faithful work is twice as much fun as an all playtime.

At dusk the children said good-night, and vanished among the trees. Ralfe went back to the tent, and ate and lay down to sleep.

In the morning the forest was still but for the singing of birds. He went out, and wandered about. But the forest, too, was bounded by a wall, and presently he came

upon the gate at the farther side. There was a small grating in the gate, and Ralfe peeped through.

"Oh!" he cried aloud, "I want to go in there."

(To be continued.)

### Take Care of Your Words.

Do you know, little maid, when you open your mouth,  
That away to the East, to the West, North,  
and South,  
On the wings of the wind, just like bees or  
like birds,  
Fly the tone of your voice and the sound of  
your words?

Do you know, little maid, that your mouth  
is the door?  
All the words you will say, all you have said  
before,  
Are imprisoned within? Some are sweet,  
pleasant words,  
Which, when they get out, will sing like  
the birds.

There are others so cross that they no one  
can please,  
And, when they get out, will sting like the  
bees.  
Watch them close, little maid, when cross  
words stir about;  
Shut the door right tight, and don't let them  
out.

*Young Days.*

### Girl Pioneers.

The organization of the Girl Pioneers of America is spreading rapidly, and branches are being formed all through the country. The movement is gaining enthusiastic support from the fact of its being founded upon the highest principles, and of these principles being put into so simple a form as to make them practical and helpful to all girls everywhere.

The Girl Pioneers' motto—"Brave, Honest, Resourceful"—is in itself stimulating, and the girls respond to it. Vigorous out-of-door life is advocated; but camp life and all field sports are adapted to girls, and are carried on under rules for girls. To develop brave, upright, noble, healthy, womanly women is the aim of the organization.

Among the advocates of the Girl Pioneer movement is the Rt. Rev. David H. Greer, bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New York. Bishop Greer's splendid work for the people, and his interest in and support of all that he believes to be beneficial and uplifting, are well known. The Girl Pioneers could have no better friend.

The uniform of the organization, invented and designed especially for the Girl Pioneers, is both attractive and practical. It is adapted to all occasions,—to camp activities and to town wear.

The executive board is issuing a pamphlet which gives instructions to Girl Pioneer commissions, directors, and local councils. With its aid branches of the Girl Pioneers may be quickly organized and brought into working order anywhere. Lina Beard of Flushing, Long Island, is chief pioneer.

It is lawful to pray God that we be not led into temptation; but not lawful to skulk from those that come to us.

R. L. STEVENSON.



## Busy Times.

BY BERTHA LOUISE BOYD.

"It's such fun to float along in the air as Thistle and I do," said Dandelion Seed, as she passed over the heads of some other seeds lying on the ground. "Don't you wish you could come with us?"

"We would if we could, but we are too heavy to float along as you do," replied one of the seeds; "and I've been wondering how in the world we will ever get planted where we can grow best."

"Do not worry about that in the least," said plump Mr. Partridge, standing under a near-by bush. "I will carry some of you wherever you wish to go. It's just the easiest thing imaginable. A little while ago a scientist grew over eighty plants taken from a little clump of earth which happened to stick to one of my legs. I'll mix you up in a little bit of moist earth and take you right along, now."

"How lovely!" the seeds replied. "You do not know how relieved we are!"

"Don't mention it! Don't mention it!" said Mr. Partridge. "It is a pleasure, I assure you." He was always a polite bird, and never forgot his good manners, even for a moment.

"I'll promise to run as fast as I can with some of you," said Little Brook, hurrying by, "and perhaps some of you may reach the Gulf Stream. He will carry you along with him and toss you up on the shore in some pretty spot far away."

"Oh, I would be too homesick to enjoy that," sighed little Brown Acorn.

"Never fear, my dear," said Mr. Blue Jay. "It was only last week that I carried a whole pint of hickory nuts, one by one, and dropped them into a pair of old boots, just for fun. You ought to see me collect cherry pits—I'm an expert. Ha! Ha!" laughed he. "This is a fine old world for surprises. One of my bird friends carried a wild rose seed to the top of the wall of Cologne Cathedral, and everybody was astonished to see it blooming there. I'll put you where you will be the sturdiest oak tree anywhere about," and then he stopped talking long enough to eat a mountain-ash berry.

"I'll promise to plant my share of butter-nuts and black walnuts, not to mention hickory nuts," chattered Red Squirrel, overhearing the conversation.

"You see it is this way: every year I stick them here and there in saplings and grown trees, and now and then some *will* fall to the ground. Perhaps you have heard how fond I am of Pitch Pine Cones. I've planted whole rows of them."

"And I," said Chipmunk, "will plant half a bushel of chestnuts in the ground or under the rocks, and some of them are sure to sprout, for I never eat them all."

"You may depend upon me for a whole colony of beech trees around my haunts," said young Nuthatch, hurrying right down a tree trunk. "And there's my friend Gray Squirrel, too. He says he buries a whole store of nuts and acorns one by one, a couple of inches apart, so that will be a help."

"How thankful we are!" exclaimed the seeds. "You see, some of us are to become the forests of the future, keeping the ice and snow from melting beneath us, and forming floods that would do great harm."

"And I want to become a little tuft of grass over a sand hill on the seashore, so as to bind down the sand in case of storm," piped up a little seed that had kept quiet



IN THE HAYFIELD.

until then; "and some of my friends are going to grow along the bank of a stream so as to prevent the earth from wearing away when freshets come."

"I shall do something stranger than that," said another. "To be sure, I'm only a seed; but, if Mr. Blue Jay will carry me to a crack in that granite boulder over there, I'll soon sprout, and, when my roots are large and strong, I'll send them down deeper and deeper, until we split the huge rock in two."

"I can do something strange, too," said another. "Place me over there near the pond, where I am surrounded by water on every side but one, and I will send out a root toward the main land, following along the top of that old log reaching across. When my root has come to a firm foundation, it will go down, down, down, into the soil, giving me strength enough to become eight or nine feet high."

"You are all very wonderful," laughed an American Witch Hazel seed, "but you do not have half the fun I do. Just watch me shoot out of my pod all by myself, and land about forty feet away. You should see my foreign friend, the Chinese Wistaria. She explodes her seed pods with a loud report, and goes popping off almost as far as I do."

"Perhaps I could get Spring Zephyr to blow me into a seashell, and then somehow the seashell might get tossed up on a piece of driftwood in the ocean, so I could cross and see for myself!" exclaimed a seed, enthusiastically.

"You may go on a journey if you like, but I prefer to spend my summer covering that old stump with a beautiful vine that will keep on blossoming all the season."

"I'll have more fun than that," said Burdock. "No wonder the young folks call me 'Stick-me-tight.' I'll just wait until a dog comes and rubs up against me, and then I'll hang on to his fur with my tiny hooks until I see just the place where I want to drop off."

"A locust has promised to carry me," said pretty Apple Seed.

"A hog says he will carry me," said young Poplar. "He is going to root around among the leaves; and, when he turns up the earth, he will put me under, where it is soft and fine."

"A cow is going to be good enough to tread me down in the ground," handsome Horse Chestnut said.

"American Crossbill and Grosbeak are going to carry us in their strong bills," others said.

"Just think!" exclaimed a beautiful little warbler from the branch of a tree. "If there had never been any seeds many thousand years ago, where would our coal have come from? Every little plant had to do its share even then. It is wonderful to go from place to place as I do. When I migrate, I travel at night, flying several hundred miles at a time, always stopping at some nice lunch station. I'll take some of you with me, and each time I stop I will scatter you by the way."

"Don't forget me," said Red Cedar, "for I have a contract to be an enormous tree, like those that grew hundreds of years ago, when sculptors first took their ideas for their wonderful columns and arches from the tree trunks and branches, and copied them in marble, with beautiful festoons of marble leaves. Seeds that were found in Roman tombs were often planted many years afterward, and grew."

"Isn't it funny, how one small seed becomes an elm tree, and my big black seed only becomes a water melon?" asked one of them.

"It is not so very queer, after all," replied a wise owl from a tree close at hand. "I guess each of us is made to fill a purpose in life, no matter what size, shape, or color. I tell my fuzzy young owlets that, when they are able to leave the hollow of this tree, each one must do his very best, if it takes every feather."

## October.

Sunlit skies of wondrous blue,  
Woodlands robed in gorgeous hue,  
Hills o'erdecked with soft blue haze,  
Tasselled ears of golden maize,  
Ripened fruits on tree and vine,  
Fragrance from the spruce and pine,—  
Autumn's festive days are here,  
With their wealth of love and cheer.

E. C. L.



## To our Readers.

With this number *The Beacon* starts upon its third year. The past two years we surely all agree have been happy ones. We may talk about it together because it is *our* paper. Many of you have told us that you like to have *The Beacon* come to your Sunday-school and to your home. Some of you have said that it has brought good cheer and enjoyment to the entire family each Sunday. Just as an instance, one family, consisting of the parents and five children, assure us that Sunday noon is about the happiest time of the whole week,—not just because they have the best dinner of all on that day, but even more because that is when they enjoy *The Beacon* together. After Sunday school they look at the pictures and perchance read some of the shorter selections. When dinner is over, they guess the charades and puzzles. They get pencils and paper, and see who can be first to solve the enigmas. Then the mother reads some of the stories while all listen. Most of the selections are such good ones that everybody, from the fourteen-year-old boy to the little tot of four years, enjoys them. We hope that each of you has derived real pleasure from the paper.

Those who have been busy getting *The Beacon* in shape each week have enjoyed it, too, even as much as you have. They enjoy finding, after much hunting, the good things that go into the paper, and they put into it only what they really like themselves. Did you ever go hunting flowers in the spring, and, after seeing many kinds of weeds with fairly attractive blossoms, you happen upon a columbine or a lady's-slipper, or some such luscious flower that somehow has caught up the spirit of the sky and sunshine and woodland into itself? How you catch the breath while a heart-throb and a delicious thrill go through you! Have you not found that reading through selections of literature is something like that? Like the flowers, they are all interesting; but now you find a poem or story that has strangely caught up the wonderful things of the mind and heart, so you can seem to inhale their fragrance and rejoice in their beauty.

Even keener than the pleasure of finding the choice pieces of literature is the thought each week that we are going to share the good things with you. There is no joy, surely, that is so great as that in which people share good things with one another. Is that not why it is generally said that the most precious thing there is in the world, religion, is in terms of fellowship,—the fellowship of us all among ourselves and of each with the loving Father?

Now the third year is upon us. It is going to be the best we have had. We said last year that on our part we were going to put "more money, more thought, and more love into it than we did last year." We did, and we shall agree that it was worth the doing. Now we are prepared to say the same thing in even stronger terms. In addition to the effort of those who gave their time to *The Beacon* last year, Rev. Florence Buck, who is wise in mind and heart and who loves children and their ways, will give her best thought and much of her time to perfecting it.

Please do not forget that *The Beacon* is your paper, or shall we not say *our* paper? Suppose we should think of ourselves—the 11,000 of us who are reading it together—as the Beacon Club. That is really what we are. *The Beacon*, then, is the paper we

use to express our common thoughts and feelings. Since it is yours or ours together, we are sure you will do all you can to improve it. May we suggest some of the things you can do? You can tell us what you like best about it and what least. Tell us what ought to be put in that is now left out. Send us occasionally something for the *Recreation Corner*. It is about as much fun to make up enigmas, puzzles, and the like, as it is to solve them. When you find some poem or story or other selection or a picture that you think especially beautiful,—when you run across some rare flower, as we were just saying,—send it to *The Beacon*, so that we may all have the benefit of it. One advantage of *The Beacon* is that it is bringing into our club, through what they have written or produced, some of the greatest souls that have lived, like Goethe, Emerson, Parker, Titian, Rosa Bonheur, Lowell, and Hale. If we can share what these men and women say, and they and we can enjoy the beautiful things of the spirit together, it will be a good Club, will it not?

Another thing we are sure you will do is to bring other boys and girls into the Club. We are 11,000 strong now. In a year we shall be twice that if each of you will find one boy or girl who will join us. Suppose each Sunday, after you have read the paper and used it in your own home, you lend it to some friend of yours: he or she might like it as well as you do, and decide to be one with us. Anyhow, it is worth doing for the sake of the pleasure your friend will get out of it, whether he joins us or not. Just to share it with him or her is worth while of itself. It is an odd fact that with money or marbles, the more you give away, the less you have, while with enjoyments they increase just in proportion as you give them.

You see there are many ways in which you can help. We wish you a delightful year in Sunday school and home, and unite with you in wishing for *The Beacon* the very best year it has had.

25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON,  
Sept. 11, 1912.

To the Editor of *The Beacon*:—

While a guest at the charming home of my friend Pastor Traub of Dortmund, I was impressed by a little "Grace at Table," rendered by his youngest child, as is the pretty German custom:

"Vater, segne diese Speise,  
Uns zum Heil und Dir zum Preise!"

which may be freely rendered in English:

"Father, bless our daily food,  
To thy praise, and for our good."

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

## Farsightedness.

'Tis easy to look o'er your neighbor's fence  
And say, "Things should be so."  
'Tis easy to look at his garden patch  
And see the crooked row.  
'Tis easy to criticize and say,  
" 'Tis thus that things should be."  
But, when it comes to things at home,  
Then's when it's hard to see.

MAUD LALITA JOHNSON.

## RECREATION CORNER.

ZÜRICH, den 12 Aug. 1912.

Dear Editor—Once I went to your Sunday-school of the Unitarian Church in Milwaukee, Wis., which I visited very gladly, but had to stop, because we went to Europe. Perhaps I may come again when I am grown up. I have read your papers again and again. I subscribed to the *Every Other Sunday*. I live on the Winterthurer Str. 76, Zürich, Switzerland.

Yours truly,

JENNY WIBERG.

## ENIGMA I.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 2, 7, 3, 1, 14, is wholesome for breakfast.

My 3, 9, 12, 13, 4, means active.

My 8, 9, 5, 14, 6, is a musical instrument.

My 7, 10, 9, is a liquid.

My 11, 15, is a preposition.

My whole greets many returning voyagers.

ARTHUR ANSLEY.

## ENIGMA II.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 20, 5, 17, 12, 7, is to be firm.

My 22, 3, 14, 3, 16, is a girl's name.

My 4, 6, 19, 8, is an abbreviation.

My 11, 16, 3, 3, is part of the body.

My 8, 9, 16, is the boy of the family.

My 3, 15, 17, 2, 1, is a number between 1 and 15.

My 10, 13, 3, 18, is part of the verb to fly.

My 21, 22, 3, 6, 3, is not here.

My whole is a famous poem by H. W. Longfellow.

ALICE E. PHILLIPS.

## A CHARADE.

My first is used for transportation;

My second and third the same;

My whole is used for transportation,

Unless the beasts go lame.

## WORD-BUILDING.

One, two,

We speak to you.

Add three and four

And hear us roar.

Our last three try,

We are not high.

In our six combined,

A color find.

We are glad to make acknowledgment now of the contributions and answers to puzzles which were received too late for mention in the June number.

Contributions were received from Arthur Ansley, Iowa City, Ia.; Alice E. Phillips, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Mary B. Boynton, Buffalo, N.Y.; Irma Sternberg, Cincinnati, Ohio; Arthur R. Smith, Jr., West Newton, Mass.; Paul J. Glasgow, Toronto, Canada.

Answers to puzzles were sent by Hilda Loring, Yarmouth, Me.; Doris E. Sturm, Concord, N.H.; Julius Sturm, Concord, N.H.; Isabel Wragg, Dedham, Mass.

We hope our readers will take a hint from the squirrels at this season, and store up in the *Recreation Corner* a plentiful supply of "Nuts to Crack."

## THE BEACON.

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